

## Letters to Aunt Laurie From Nephews and Nieces

### FINDS COW MOST INTERESTING

She is Useful to Man While Alive, and Also When Killed

(First Prize)

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I LIKE very much to read the part of the paper set aside for boys and girls. I have been reading the letters, limericks and unfinished story contests, because they interest me very much. So when I saw that the contest for this week was to be about "the most interesting person or object I have ever seen," I thought that this would be a very nice thing to write about, so I will write to you about the cow.

It is the most useful animal to man. It is a quadruped, and eats only hay or grass.

There are different kinds of cows—the common and the Jersey cow. The cow is not very pretty or graceful, but very awkward and clumsy.

It has horns, and they are made into the handles of knives, forks and pens. The hoof is made into glue and the hair is used to mix mortar, and the tails of the ox are made into soup. The skins are used to make the soles of shoes and boots. The baby cow is called a calf, and the hoof of it is made into a very nice jelly. Did you ever taste any, Aunt Laurie? I never did. Some calves are made pets of, but I never had one of my own.

JOSEPHINE DES NOYERS,  
1361 South Flower street. 14 years.  
St. Mary's academy, 7th grade.

### AUNT KITTY MOURNED

ABSENT "WHITE CHILE"

(Honorable Mention)

Dear Aunt Laurie:

OF all the persons I have ever seen the most interesting to me was my own "black mammy," Aunt Kitty. We came from the far away south to live in California when I was 7 years old, and until then Aunt Kitty had been my constant guardian. She would not tell me good by, for she believed that "was bad luck," but it almost broke my heart to see her cry so when we started. She was old and had heart trouble, so her physician said she could not come across the continent. I never saw a more erect or tidier person than Aunt Kitty. She was very small, very black, and although she had great-grandchildren her hair was still black. She always wore a handkerchief on her head. We used to walk on the lake shore and gather pecans. The harshest thing I remember ever hearing Aunt Kitty say to me was: "Don't do that, honey, or Aunt Kitty won't love you." I always obeyed when she made that threat. Once she asked mother to have a white organdie dress made for her to wear to a big funeral. One of her nieces died six months before, and it was her funeral. The dress was very dainty, and when Aunt Kitty put it on and looked in the pier mirror she was delighted. Then she suddenly said: "But my face is black!" I told her she was my Aunt Kitty and she was pretty. Aunt Kitty was afraid of water, but once when the Mississippi levee broke while she was spending a night with her daughter she had her son-in-law bring her across the high water in a skiff. She said, "I just had to come home to my baby," and how she hugged me! Aunt Kitty was faithful, thoughtful and kind, and could always remember the stories I liked best. She was very sad after we came west. One night she told her daughter she could not think of anything but her little white child so far away. After she went to her room her daughter heard her sing a lullaby I used to like. Next morning they found her kneeling by her bed, just as she had said her prayers—but Aunt Kitty had gone to live with God.

AIMEE EDWARDS,  
539 North Highland avenue, Hollywood.  
Fremont School, grade A6.

### YOUNG WRITER TELLS OF PIONEER SCHOOLS

(Honorable Mention)

Dear Aunt Laurie:

THE lady that I am going to tell about is a very old lady with white hair. She is 100 years old. One day when I went to see her she told me how they used to do in olden times.

When she went to school she did not have a desk as we do now in our public schools, but they sat on benches and did not have desks to put their books in. They did not have books as we have, either.

They had only their Bible to study out of. They did not have a store where they could go and buy their children clothes, but the mother had



The spry Hiram Hoppergrass, brilliant in green,  
Led out blushing Miss Cricket, the fair Angelina,  
And the guests were entranced  
As a two-step they danced,  
For such high steps had never been seen!  
And the grand march was truly a wonderful sight.

Young Dandy Happychap chose to escort  
Miss Kit Caterpillar (pretty though short).  
While Lady Gay Happychap, coy as Queen Mab,  
Danced briskly along by an old hermit crab  
And Raggedy Happychap fell into line  
By the side of Belle Butterfly, gorgeous and fine.  
—From The Happychaps, by Carolyn Wells.  
Century company.

to weave the cloth before she could make it into dresses and suits. When they would get their children a new dress or shoes they would be so happy that they could not go to sleep. Now when we get a new dress we are no more happy than before.

When the men and women went to church they would take their guns with them, so if any Indians should attack them they would be safe. I am very glad that I did not live in those times.

RUBY MARPLE,  
347 South Johnston street. Age 11.  
Griffin Avenue school, B5.

### AN ALASKAN DOG

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I know you would like to hear about a most interesting woman. This woman whom I am speaking about lives in a town near Los Angeles. She

lives in a little brick house and has a dog. It is a big gray dog.

This woman is said to be very rich. She puts her money in tin cans and buries them under the lawn. She brought her dog with her from Alaska. She also had all her dog's hair cut except that around its head, feet and the end of its tail.

This woman goes barefooted all the time. She wears old, dirty and ragged dresses. Every dress has a trail about two or three feet long. Every night at dusk she takes her little basket and dog and walks to town and picks up cigar and cigarette stumps.

She appears to be about 70 or 80 years old. She talks very odd. But she does not talk at all unless she has to.

MYRTLE LETTNER,  
380 South Johnston street, Griffin Avenue school, grade B 5, age 12.

## The Week's Roll of Honor

### WRITERS' CONTEST

Los Angeles, first prize, \$1.00—Josephine des Noyers, 1361 South Figueroa street.

Honorable mention—Jennie Vaughan, 1055 Hobart boulevard; Ruby Marple, 347 South Johnston street.

Out of town, first prize, \$1.00—Lois Wagner, El Centro.  
Honorable mention—Alvin Torry, Garden Grove; Aimee Edwards, Hollywood.

### LIMERICK CONTEST

Los Angeles, first prize, book—Dorothy Trask, 1027 Bonnie Brae street.

Honorable mention—Helen Howell, 117 North Avenue 66; Hazel Lambert, 1820 Vermont avenue.

Out of town, first prize, book—Hazel S. Foust, Monrovia.  
Honorable mention—Edna Murphy, Long Beach; Quinta L. Hart, Hynes, R. F. D. 87A.

### UNFINISHED STORY CONTEST

Los Angeles, first prize, book—Bertha Wood, 175 North Rowan avenue.

Honorable mention—Marie Fazen, 627 Kohler street; Ethel Barnes, 1177 East Fiftieth street.

Out of town, first prize, book—Ferne Browning, Corona.  
Honorable mention—Jack H. S. Harris, 228 Bonita place, Hollywood; Ewing Burns, R. F. D. No. 1, Anaheim.

### COCOPAHS HAVE ODD TRAITS

Mud and Feathers Adorn Their Hair and Bright Ribbons Bedeck Them

(First Prize)

El Centro, Cal.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

THE most interesting persons I have ever met are the Cocopah Indians. They live on the canal banks in reed houses. They are hired to clean the reeds out of the canal.

They dress in bright colors. They do not cut their hair, but let it grow long. They daub mud in their hair and fasten feathers in it. On their arms they tie bright ribbons. They do not wear shoes, but go with bare feet.

One day we were eating dinner when some Indian women came to the window and looked in. They talked to each other all the time. One woman had a small basket. I looked in and saw a little baby a week or two old. When she walked away she carried it on her arm.

The Indians will come to any old trash pile and take any old rags that are there. Once I had a bank with a frog on it. One day some Indians went past the house and saw the bank. They asked papa for it and he gave it to them. They played with it for about an hour.

One Indian had a donkey. He would ride to town on it every day. One day when he rode into town he stopped at a store. He did not tie the donkey. While he was in the store the donkey walked slowly along toward home. When the Indian came out he walked after it. The donkey did not go any faster—neither did the Indian. All the way home they walked that way. If the Indian had run he could have caught it, but it was beneath his dignity to run.

When the Indians go anywhere the man will ride ahead and the woman will follow him, walking and carrying the load.  
LOIS WAGNER,  
El Centro, seventh grade, age 13.

### ICE AND SNOW FALLS

IN MONSTER DRIFTS

(Honorable Mention)

Garden Grove, Cal.

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I WAS born in the state of South Dakota and lived there until I was 9 years old. Then we came to California. Since I have lived here I have seen so many children who have never seen ice or snow that I thought I would tell them something about it.

There is a great deal of snow in South Dakota in winter. Sometimes after a storm the snow drifts are as high as houses. Men have to shovel a road before they can travel with teams, and the railroad company has to send out big snowplows to clean the snow off the tracks before the trains can go through.

When the snow first comes down it is soft and light, and it is hard work to walk through. But after it is on the ground a few days it settles down and gets hard and you can walk right over it, and drive teams over it. We used to build snow forts and play war by throwing snowballs from behind them. We would make snow men, too, and throw at them. We used to slide down hill on sleds and go skating on the ice.

The ice is very slippery and it is hard to stand on your feet. The ice freezes about four feet thick in the lakes and rivers there in the winter. They cut large square chunks of ice out and pack it in ice houses with sawdust to use in summer.

Sometimes when we would go skating a boy would fall in a hole in the ice where a chunk had been taken out, and would almost freeze before he could get out.  
ALVIN FORRY,  
Garden Grove school, grade 6. Age 11.

### SOUTHERN PLANT GROWS

IN CALIFORNIA'S SUN

(Honorable Mention)

Dear Aunt Laurie:

THIS is my first letter I am writing to you. I hope you think it is worthy of reading.

The most interesting objects to me at present are cotton plants my mamma is growing here in Los Angeles.

The seed was sent to my uncle who lives in Oakland from Nashville, Tenn. Last March he sent mamma some of the seed with the instructions to plant it, and she did so.

First it came up with two big leaves; then in a week or so after it began to get its other leaves. I help water the plants and hoe them. One day I saw some buds coming. Finally they opened up. Their color was pink and yellow. After the petals fell there came to view the wonderful bolls. The color of the bolls is a deep green, and when fully developed before opening are about the size of and somewhat resemble a green walnut. About a week ago the first